

not stand the rack? I am sorry for him. He did as the President told him.

What was the reason for all this? Massachusetts did not like the war even then, yet gave her consent. Why not? There are two words which can drive all the blood out of the cheeks of cowardly men in Massachusetts. They are "Federalism" and "Hartford Convention." The fear of these words, passed the conscience of Massachusetts, and her Governor did as he was told. I feel no fear of either. The Federalists did not see all things—Who ever did? They had not the ideas which were destined to sway this nation; they looked back when the age looked forward. But to their own ideas they were true and if a nobler body of men ever held state in any nation, I have yet to learn who they were. If we had had the shadow of Caleb Strong in your Governor's chair, not a volunteer had gone out of Massachusetts.

I have not told quite all the reasons why Massachusetts did nothing. Men knew the war would cost dollars—thousands of dollars in the end be raised, not by the direct tax, of which the poor man paid according to his little, and the rich man in proportion to his much—but by a tariff which presses light on property, but hard on the person; by a tax on the backs and mouths of people. Some of the Whigs last June were glad when the war came, for they hoped thereby to save the child of their age, the tariff of '42.

There are always some rich men who say, "No matter what sort of a government we have, so long as we get our dividends," always some poor men who say, "No matter how much the nation suffers, if we fill our hungry pates thereby." Well, they lost their virtue; lost their tariff too, and gained nothing! what they deserved to gain.

Now a third opportunity has come! No, it has not come; we have brought it. Now is a time to protest. The President wants a war-tax on tea and coffee. Is that Democratic—to tax every man's breakfast and supper for the sake of getting more territory to whip negroes in? (Numerous cries of "Yes.") Then what do you think despotic would be? He asks a loan of \$23,000,000 for the war! He wants \$3,000,000 to spend privately for the war! In eight months past, I am told, he has asked for \$74,000,000 to conquer new slave territory! Is that Democratic, too? He wants to increase the standing army; to have ten regiments more! A pretty business that. Ten regiments to gag the people in Faneuil Hall. Do you think that is Democratic? Some men just asked Massachusetts for \$20,000 for the volunteers! It is time for the people to rebuke all this wickedness.

I think there is a good deal to excuse the volunteers. I blame them, for some of them know what they are about. Yet I pity them more, for most of them, I am told, are low, ignorant men; some of them drunken and brutal. From the way they make haste to fight—arms in their hands—I think what was told me is true! I say I pity them! they are my brothers. Not the less brothers because low and misguided. If they are so needy that they are forced to enlist by poverty, so let I pity them. If they are of good families, and know better, I pity them still more! I blame most the men that have duped the rank and file! I blame the Captains and Colonels, who will have least of the hardships, most of the pay, and all of the glory. I blame the men that made the war—the men that make money out of it. I blame the great party men of the land. Did not Mr. Clay say he hoped he could slay a Mexican? (Cries, "No, he didn't.") Yes, he did—said it on "Faneuil Hall" day! Did not Mr. Webster, in the streets of Philadelphia, bid the volunteers go and uphold the stars of their country? (A voice. "He did right.") No, he should have said the stripes of the country, for every volunteer is a stripe on the nation's back! Did he not declare this war unconstitutional, and threaten to impeach the President who made it, and then go and invest a son in it? Has it not been said here, "Our country howsoever bounded"—bounded by robbery or bounded by right lines? It is not been said, all around. "Our country, right or wrong!"

I say I blame not so much the volunteers as the famous men who deceive the nation! (Cries of "Throw him over," &c.) Throw him over! you will not throw him over! I shall walk home unarmed and unarmed, and no man of you will hurt one hair of my head.

I say again, it is time for the people to take up this matter. Your Congress will do nothing till you tell them what and how! Your 29th Congress can do little good. Its sands are nearly run, God be thanked! It is the most infamous Congress we ever had. We began with the Congress that declared independence, and swore by the Eternal Justice of God. We have come down to the 29th Congress, which declared war existed by the act of Mexico—declared a lie—the Congress that swore by the Baltimore Convention! We began with George Washington, and have got down to James K. Polk.

It is time for the people of Massachusetts to instruct their servants in Congress to oppose this war; to refuse all supplies for it; to ask for the recall of the army into their own land. It is time for us to tell them, that not an inch of slave territory shall ever be added to the realm. Let us remonstrate; let us re-argue; let us remonstrate. If any class of men have hitherto been enemies, let them forward now, and give us their names—the merchants, the manufacturers, the Whigs and the Democrats. If in a love their country better than their party or their purse, now let them show it.

Let us ask the General Court of Massachusetts to cancel every commission which the Governor has given to the officers of the volunteers. Let us ask them to disband the companies not yet mustered into actual service; and then, if you like that, ask them to call a convention of the people of Massachusetts, to see what we shall do in reference to the war—in reference to the annexation of more territory—in reference to the violation of the Constitution! (Loud groans from crowds of rude fellows in several parts of the Hall.) That was a tory groan; they never dared groan so in Faneuil Hall before; not even the British Tories, when they had no bayonets to brist their up! I say, let us ask for these things!

Your President tells us it is treason to talk so! Treason is it! treason to discuss a war which the government made, and which the people are made pay for! If it be treason to speak against the war, what was it to make the war—to ask for 50,000 men and \$74,000,000 for the war! Why, if the people can discuss the war they have got to fight, to pay for, who under Heaven can't! Whose business is it, if it is not yours and mine! If

my country is in the wrong, and I know it, and hold my peace, then I am guilty of treason—moral treason. Why, a wrong—it is only the threshold of ruin. I would not have my country take the next step. Treason is it to show that this war is wrong and wicked? Why, what if George III, any time from '73 to '83, had gone down to Parliament, and told them it was treason to discuss the war then waging against these colonies! What do you think the Commons would have said! What would the Lords say! Why, that king—foolish as he was—would have been lucky, if he had not learned there was a joint in his neck, and, stiff as he bore him, that the people knew how to find it.

I don't believe in killing kings, or any other men; but I do say, in a time when the nation was not in danger, that no British king, for two hundred years, would have dared call it treason to discuss the war—its cause, its progress, or its termination!

Now is the time to act! Twice we have let the occasion slip; beware of the third time! Let it be infamous for a New England man to enlist—for a New England merchant to loan his dollars, or to let his ships in aid of this wicked war; let it be infamous for a manufacturer to make a cannon, a sword, or a kernel of powder, to kill our brothers with, while we all know that they are in the right, and we in the wrong.

I know my voice is a feeble one in Massachusetts. I have no mountainous position from whence to look down and overawe the multitude; I have no background of reputation to echo my words; I am but a plain, humble man; but I have a background of truth to sustain me, and the justice of Heaven arches over my head! For your sakes, I wish I had that ceramic eloquence, whose tidal flow bears on its bosom the drift weed, which politicians have piled together, and saps and sweeps away the sand-hills of soliderly blown together by the idle wind—that ceramic eloquence which sweeps all before it, that leaves the shore bare, smooth and clean! But, feeble as I am, let me beg of you, fellow citizens of Boston, men and brothers, to come forward and protest against this wicked war, and the end for which it is waged. I call on the Whigs, who love their country better than they loved the tariff of '42—I call on the Democrats, who think justice is greater than the Baltimore Convention—I call on Whigs and Democrats to come forward and join with me in opposing this wicked war! I call on the men of Boston, on the men of the Old Bay State, to act worthy of the Fathers, worthy of their country, worthy of themselves! Men and brothers, I call on you all to protest against this most infamous war—in the name of the State, in the name of the country, in the name of man—yes, in the name of God! Leave not your children saddled with a war debt, to cripple the nation's commerce for years to come. Leave not your land cursed with slavery, extended and extended, palying the nation's arm and corrupting the nation's heart. Leave not your memory infamous among the nations, because you feared men—feared the government—because you loved money got by crime, land plundered in war—loved land unjustly bounded—because you devalued your country by defending the wrong she dared to do—because you loved slavery, loved war, but loved not the eternal justice of all judging God. If any counsel to war and poor, follow me—stronger and more manly. I am speaking to men—think of these things, and then act like men.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Cincinnati Herald.

On the first page of this week's paper will be found two articles from the Cincinnati Herald. The last speaks of the Ohio Regiment and its leaders—the first finds fault with some remarks I made in the Bugle, when conducting it, as pro tem. Editor. The Herald says my remarks are disingenuous, and it can scarcely conceive how misstatements so numerous and so glaring, could have been innocently crowded into so small a space. At present, the Herald is charitably inclined to set down my offence to the sin of ignorance rather than to malice. If it did not prove that I had made numerous and glaring misstatements, it did prove that its Editor was, at least, very much out of temper.

But what did I state that the Herald denies? Why its Editor denies that he labored through nearly a column to prove the Ohio Volunteers no cowards. He says "we wrote an article, the one referred to, to show that the volunteers and the presses of the slave States, in strict accordance with their envious and jealous spirit, usurping all that the world considers profitable to themselves and denying it to the citizens of the free States, had got up a false accusation against the courage of the Ohio Troops," and adds "we said not one word in admiration of the war, or of the conduct of the soldiers."

I said that the Herald labored to prove that the Ohio Volunteers no cowards, as had been charged upon them; but that they exhibited that kind of bull-dog courage, which made them careless of their own lives, in their eagerness to murder the Mexicans. Not so, says the Herald, "we wrote the article to show that the volunteers and presses of the slave States had in their envious and jealous spirit got up a false accusation against the courage of the Ohio Troops."

Now I am willing to admit that the Editor of the Herald is capable of making very nice metaphysical distinctions—he may make distinctions between a want of courage and cowardice, and satisfy himself by his mode of reasoning; but I doubt whether he can make others understand how he can vindicate the Ohio troops from a false accusation against their courage, without vindicating them from the charge of cowardice.

The case may be thus stated. A false accusation had been got up against the courage of the Ohio Troops. The Herald denies that it labored to prove that these troops were not cowards—it only wrote the article to prove

that the accusation against their courage was a false one.

Is this puerility worthy of a paper professing to be anti-slavery?—and professing too, to be trying to reform the morals of the country?

But it denies having said anything in admiration of the war. Did I charge it with doing this? Not at all. Why then does its Editor make the denial? Did the Ghost of some murdered Banquo start up before him, causing him to exclaim, "I said nothing in admiration of the war!" But he also denies having said anything in admiration of the conduct of the soldiers.

What, I ask, is showing an accusation against their courage to be a false one, when the Editor considers that the Southern troops, in arrogating to themselves courage, and denying it to others, are usurping what the world considers profitable, but saying something in admiration of the conduct of the soldiers when he proves them to have done that at the battle of Monterey which gives them a character for bravery?

This brings me to the reason why I said that the Herald quoted from the Advertiser to vindicate the courage of the Ohio troops. These troops went to Mexico, for what? Was it for the pay they would receive? This certainly was too small an inducement. Why then did they go there to fight the battles of slavery? Was it from a mere selfish thirst of blood?—merely because they delighted in cutting and hacking and mangling their fellow men? Perhaps this was an influencing motive; but was it not in a great measure to gain what the world considers profitable pay?—glory—and have it said by the public presses that they were brave—to have those presses do just what the Herald has been doing? Does any one suppose these soldiers would have gone from Ohio to do as the Herald says "the work at which they were set, and find their best and saddest defense in the report of death's doings!"—aye, to do this work of murder—if profligate presses throughout the country were not to be found, that would Herald these deeds of violence as brave acts and glorious achievements, and defend them from any charges which would in the eyes of the murder-loving portion of the people tarnish their glory?

The True Democrat quoted from the Advertiser to show what infamous and vile acts that paper was pandering before the public as "Noble Exploits." The Herald quoted from it to vindicate the courage of these marauders from a false accusation. One thought that the statements it quoted should render those soldiers infamous—the other that they were evidences of their courage.

But in reference to my misstatements—Does the Herald deny that it opposed the war, but at the same time desired that the safety of Gen. Taylor, "that noble officer and his brave army," should not be jeopardized? Does it deny that it opposed the war, but said if England or France were to attempt an armed intervention, that the citizen, who believed in the rightfulness of self-defense, and would not fly to beat them back, ought to be spurred the country? Does it deny that it was opposing the war professedly, when at the time, it was occupying its columns with vindications of the Ohio Volunteers from a false accusation against their courage?—that it was doing that which, perhaps, more than anything else stimulates men to enter the ranks of an army? If it does not, then where are my misstatements?

I have occupied this much space in commenting upon the remarks of the Herald; and my apology for so doing exists in the fact, that while it is compromising principle and profanely pandering to a wicked sentiment, it still professes to be an anti-slavery paper—a paper for the purpose of reforming the morals of the people on the subject of slavery, and procuring its abolition. Because of those professions, it has the power of doing harm by its infidelity to principle, therefore it is necessary to expose its wickedness, weakness, and folly.

SAMUEL BROOKE.

Useless Organizations.

Every man is obliged to take the world as he finds it, and in passing through, he leaves it either better or worse. He adopts its customs, fashions, notions, and spirit, and so becomes conformed to the whole course of the world, or he becomes disgusted with these things and becomes transformed in his mind. Inasmuch as the world by some cause has become full of discord and commotion; the great business of man is to bring things into a state of order, and not be controlled by every wrong thing that surrounds him, but control in a great measure those evils with which he is environed; and unless he can do this in a greater or lesser degree, his influence is of no avail, and he might as well not have lived.

Now if the above remarks are well founded as it regards individuals, they will hold good of associations, and if so, we have come to the point at issue. If certain organizations are in existence—no matter what their names are—which cannot control certain wrongs but are controlled by those wrongs, such organizations might as well be out of the world as in. Organizations that have been founded in justice, mercy, and truth, have been a great blessing to community in pushing forward, not one, but all great benevolent enterprises. But those organizations which are for party purposes, which have not justice, mercy, and

truth, in them, have been a great curse to community by hedging up the way of reform. We prefer no charges against any individuals, nor organizations, for the state of morals that was in the world, when they made their ingress; but we do impute guilt to those who when they saw the corruption existing around them, struggled, not against the impure stream that was bearing pollution through the land.

Hence it appears that the great business of man in the world is to correct the errors of himself and his fellow men.

A Dish of Third Partyism.

WE have recently had a rare specimen of Third Partyism in this place. It came off on the eve of the 8th inst. But to give you an introduction to the men and facts, I must make you acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, of Hantsburg, who made his residence in New Lyme the first of Dec. last. It was in this wise. He was invited by a Liberty party friend to preach an anti-slavery sermon in the Baptist house. As it chanced to be the day on which Rev. Mr. Foot occupied the house, Mr. P.'s friend above referred to, proposed (he was a member of Mr. F.'s church,) that he give way for Mr. Prentiss in the afternoon. To this Mr. Foot objected, said he did not believe it right to desecrate the Sabbath and sanctuary by preaching abolition on Sunday, and demanded Mr. P.'s authority to preach, &c. Finally, the house was granted for the evening. After the afternoon service Mr. Prentiss arose and stated that he was a friend of the church—none felt more for her interests than he—it was a part of his mission to counteract the Garrisonian influence of tearing down the churches, &c. In the evening, however, he denounced the churches in true Garrisonian style; computing poorly, I thought, with his previous explanation. He said they had stolen the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in, and that such churches and ministers were a disgrace to religion. The next day he said to me that he was with Garrison on the church question, exactly.

Another actor in the scene was Mr. Glester, a colored Liberty party lecturer. He came into a meeting at our place, in which our friend Curtis took part, who said in substance, that Liberty party, acting as it does and must, under a pro-slavery Constitution, is in a devilish position. At this Mr. Glester took umbrage, denounced the Garrisonians, and charged Mr. C. with calling all Liberty party men devils—then extolled Gerrit Smith with great warmth. Mr. Curtis explained by saying he referred to the position of Liberty party, not to the hearts of its members.

The next evening we assembled to hear Mr. Mason—whereupon Mr. Glester took the stand and repeated his tirade of the previous evening and eulogy upon G. Smith, and appointed a meeting on the evening of the 8th, for the purpose of showing the Liberty party to be the only hope of the slave. He said if I or any other one wished to reply after he was through, he had no objection. The 8th came, and found L. Peck, myself, and several other Disunionists at the meeting. I scarce ever before heard such a tirade of misrepresentation and falsehood, as he poured out upon the Garrisonians. After storming and ranting till about half past 8 o'clock, he wound up by exhorting his Liberty party friends to discontinue the Bugle, and all papers of like character.

Friend Peck showed in reply, that the Constitution is a pro-slavery compact, and that if it is not, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, &c., were perjured men, for they administered it as such. He proceeded to read from Gerrit Smith and Dr. Bailey, when Mr. Prentiss bawled out that he wished Mr. Peck would tell me truth to five lies; that Gerrit Smith and Liberty party have embraced each other; that Liberty party had disclaimed the sentiments read, and that the authors of some of them had been converted, &c. By Mr. Glester's saying he had given no liberty to reply, and by the aid of the rabble, they succeeded in gagging friend Peck. I have understood that the Chairman was so disgusted he left. Mr. Prentiss was challenged to discuss the question; but no—his opponents were too small men!

Now, dear friends, I think we can do better for the cause of humanity than to pay our money into the hands of such Liberty party speakers, as we have done in some cases. I am inclined to agree with the Hon. E. Wade, at an Anti-slavery Convention in Geneva on the 4th of July, 1840—in speaking of organizing the Liberty party he declared it to be a political scramble for office.

Your friend,
H. REEVE.

Advice.

Give to society all that is due, tell the people what they have done, and what they have not done that they ought to do. Never overturn what virtue there is in the world—if the church has any moral honesty, or any of her members, they are entitled to the credit of it; if they are stubborn, rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith. Never flatter away the truth for the sake of their good will or ill will. Lecturers need a great degree of meekness, but not enough to make friends with the devil or his associates. It is an old adage, that "a sermon is not worth much unless the devil is made mad"—if he is some one or more is bene-

fitted. All men will never receive the truth—to some it is a savor of life unto life, to others a savor of death unto death. We have a great work before us—our platform is laid deep; we seek the renovation of moral sentiment. We invite all true-hearted people to assist; and I expect they would, if they could behold the labor of love we are engaged in.

M. E.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BUGLE:—

My attention was called to an article in your paper of last week, from the pen of Hammond Thomas.

The article is, beyond all doubt, intended to injure the reputation of the American House, and is in itself a slander upon its landlord. I am sorry to see such an effort put forth, especially in a paper purporting, in every number, to be in favor of Temperance. The truth of the matter is, that this same Mr. Thomas had sought employment in the service of the landlord of the American House, and for reasons not necessary here to enumerate, he was not employed. And afterwards a conversation is distorted, and misrepresented, in order to inflict an injury upon one whom he could not reach by truth. Temperance men and anti-slavery men, who were known to be such, have testified of his hospitality through the medium of the press; and as a citizen and a Temperance man, with others, I have always considered the American House as a great auxiliary to the cause of Temperance in this village, and a benefit to community in general. The card below will set the matter to rights.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.

A CARD.

Having seen a statement in the Bugle, calculated to injure the reputation of the American House by slandering its landlord, I would say that I was present at the time the occurrence took place referred to by Hammond Thomas, and have only to say that his statement is not correct—it is untrue.

JOHN M. WEBB.

Salem, March 10, 1847.

N. B. Other testimony to the same effect can be obtained, if necessary.

J. M. W.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MARCH 12, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chesnut sts.

Special Notice.

The treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is in immediate need of about one hundred dollars. Will those who have made pledges, oblige by forwarding the amount if convenient? If those who have neither made pledges nor given anything to the funds of the Society are disposed to contribute, will they please do so at once!

All the money forwarded will be acknowledged in the Bugle.

SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

"Comeoutism and Comeouters."

Some of the counts under the 7th head of the indictment which the author of "Comeoutism and Comeouters" has preferred against those who believe it is as much a duty to secede from a pro-slavery sect as to have a pro-slavery political organization, read thus:—

1. The great denominations, and indeed all the ecclesiastical bodies in the land are put down pro-slavery.

2. Every local church connected with these bodies is, by virtue of that connection, pro-slavery.

3. Every minister of the gospel ecclesiastically related to any one of the religious denominations is ex-religione pro-slavery.

4. Any church not immediately connected with the pro-slavery denominations, which gives or receives letters to or from churches which are so connected, becomes thereby partaker in the sin, its known anti-slavery character to the contrary notwithstanding.

5. A church which admits to its communion a Whig, or a Democrat, or a Liberty man, is pro-slavery.

6. The church which fellowships such a church, by exchanging letters of dismission and recommendation, is also pro-slavery.

If the positions herein stated be true, and if it be also true that no abolitionist was consistently fellowship, as Christians, the members of a pro-slavery church, then is comeoutism most clearly a duty. But the question is asked are these positions true? It would, perhaps, hardly be worth while to attempt to prove that the leading denominations of the land are pro-slavery; every abolitionist is ready to admit this, at least that it is true of all save the one with which he is connected. And further; it can be readily demonstrated that the smaller as well as the larger denominations, aid in sustaining slavery by justifying it, apologizing for it, recognizing the slave-claimant as a Christian, or by doing more to oppose the progress of anti-slavery principles than to destroy slavery. One exception should perhaps be made here: so far as we are acquainted with the Old School Covenanters, they are clear in all these particulars, though there is great need of more activity among them. There are also some individual churches of other

sects that, for aught we can learn, occupy a consistent position. We do not wish to be understood as intimating that these denominations have never given utterance to anti-slavery sentiments; but we do assert that their strength has been thrown upon the side of the oppressor, and the tyrant has felt secure in his power because of the support they have given him.

These denominations all claim to be Christian, and perhaps are; but if their claim to this character is just, we have placed a wrong estimate upon Christianity. Is that a Christian church which recognizes as members of its body, in good and regular standing, the worshippers of Juggernaut? Certainly not! Is the universal response. Is that a Christian church which holds union and communion with the followers of Mahomed, claiming them as beloved brethren in the Lord? Most assuredly not! Is the general answer. Is that a Christian church which freely admits to membership the ordinary thief and robber? Unquestionably not! Is the reply. Does not a slaveholding church, or a church composed in part of slaveholders, exhibit as great a defection in Christian character, as either of the three referred to? Is there a mother who would not sooner recognize as a Christian brother the simple-hearted Pagan from Hindostan, than the slaveholder who claims her child as a part of his plantation stock? Is there a husband who would not rather commune with the Mahomedan, whose religion forbids him to enslave a brother in the faith, than with one whose tyrant hand has torn from him the wife of his bosom? Is there a brother who would not sooner hold religious fellowship with the pickpocket or highwayman who takes from him his purse, than with one who asserts a property-right in his sister—a right to dispose of her as caprice or fancied interest may dictate?

But the defenders of the Christian character of slaveholding churches always here throw in the plea of ignorance, as a kind of half, if not whole justification of the slaveholder, who, they say, has never been taught that slavery was wrong, and that it would, therefore, be wrong to deny him the privileges of Christian fellowship and church communion. To this we reply—although ignorance may palliate the guilt of the wrongdoer, it does not render him worthy of membership in a Christian church. If it does, why not admit the poor Pagan whose father and whose brothers voluntarily sacrificed their lives on the altar of their religion; and who himself worships at the temple where they died, observing the same forms and ceremonies which have been hallowed by the observance of his ancestors for centuries? If it does, why not admit him who has ever dwelt within the shadow of the mosque, who has heard and obeyed since early infancy the daily call to prayer as it sounded from the minaret, who, with devout spirit ever proclaims "God is God, and Mahomed is his prophet!" If it does, why not admit that poor man whose first breath was inhaled amid vice and pollution, who, an outcast from society, was left to grow up amid festering corruption, shut out from the blessed sunlight of God's truth and forced to grope his way in the dark and terrible paths of wickedness—who has been made to feel that his fellows had crushed and wronged him, and has been taught what he has ever practised, that as his fellow men had trampled upon him, it was right for him to rob them! Although the churches and the defenders of the churches endorse the Christian character of the man-stealer because of his ignorance, they are not willing to act the same part by the Pagan, the Mahomedan, and the common thief. A reason for this may be found in the fact that Paganism is not popular here, that Mahomedanism is not in good repute, that ordinary thieving is far from respectable, while Manstealing is both fashionable and aristocratic.

According to our belief, a Christian church is, or should be, a church of Christians; and if any member of that church is engaged in an anti-Christian business, or has perpetrated an anti-Christian act—it matters not, so far as this point is concerned, whether he transgresses ignorantly or knowingly—that church, if it claims excommunicating power, is bound to discipline him, and cut him off unless he repents. Two cannot walk together unless they be agreed, and if the church retains the offending member it must either bring him up to where it stands, or go down to where he is. If the church may extend the right hand of Christian fellowship to one unrepentant offender, the principle, if carried out, would allow every member to be an offender; and if the violators of one point in Christ's law be retained, upon the same principle the violators of another, and of every point may be retained, so that when this popular pro-slavery doctrine is pushed to the farthest legitimate point, we have a Christian church composed of fiends incarnate. But the defenders of the church do not wish to have this principle applied to the Sabbath-breaker, the man guilty of petit larceny, or other criminals of the smaller kind; it is only designed to screen the wealthy and influential slaveholder and sinners of that class. It does seem as if the common sense of the people would at once decide that the denominations of this land—all those at least that receive the slaveholder as a communicant—are anti-Christian; it would if left to itself, and it will when it breaks the shackles sectarianism has thrown around it. As to those denominations which do not admit slave-claimants to communion and fellowship, we may have some-

thing to say hereafter. If a highwayman, one who made no secret of his profession but rather gloried in it, was connected with a church which fellowshipped him as a beloved brother, who is there that would hesitate to pronounce that church anti-christian? No one. And why? Because it is certified to the christian character of a violator of God's law, and thereby came down to where he stood; for it should be remembered that the church neither receives or retains in membership any one who has not given, and does not continue to give, what it deems sufficient evidence of christian character. Apply this rule of judgment to the slaveholding churches, and what have we? Anti-christian churches! If these churches are fellowshipped by those which have no slave-claiming members, the latter are necessarily pro-slavery—pro-slavery in position and sentiment if they are acquainted with the true character of the church they fellowship; in position only, if they are ignorant of it, and would withdraw their fellowship if they rightly understood it. This latter condition we are told is the case with many churches.—This may be, yet it seems rather strange that those churches which are careful to ascertain to a shade the views of all whom they fellowship, individuals as well as corporate bodies, in regard to Atonement, Baptism, Future Punishment, &c., should not be equally careful to make themselves acquainted with their opinions in regard to the stealing of babies, the whipping of women, and the robbing of men. But so it is. Churches professing to be anti-slavery in feeling are found in loving fellowship with slaveholding churches; but we never heard of one that believed in eternal damnation fellowshipping another that denied that doctrine.

If, then, the leading denominations of this land are slaveholding in character—and none can intelligently deny it—if the retention of one acknowledged slaveholder as a member in good and regular standing makes a church pro-slavery, as we think has been clearly shown; and if the same rule of judgment should be applied to the connection of church with church in denomination, as of man to man in church fellowship, then is the conclusion we have arrived at correct—that any church that fellowships slaveholding bodies as christian churches is in a pro-slavery position; and inasmuch as individuals compose the church, each and all are in this position. Not only is the minister ex-communicated pro-slavery, but every layman is so; for I endorse, by their connection, the christian character of the slave-claimant.

But we have written more than we designed, while we have as yet but treated upon the first three points in our text. Further remarks must be deferred.

Cincinnati Herald.

On our first page will be found two articles from the above named paper. The editor thought the Bugle had done him injustice, and therefore requested us to publish one of the other of the articles referred to. This we may not have any cause to think unfair, we give them both, and also a communication from Samuel Brooke in regard to this matter. Although the editor attempts to justify himself, yet we think our readers will readily see that his article on "The Ohio Regiment and its traducers," is a disgrace to the editorial columns of an anti-slavery paper.—How happens it that the Herald is so exceedingly sensitive in regard to the courage of these Ohio cut-throats?

After making all possible allowance, we think the position of the Herald in regard to the Mexican war, a very aspersive one, for the editor by some means or other manages to copy and write articles which are as much out of place in a journal advocating the cause of the slave, as Satan would be in Paradise. Take for instance the following editorial from the Herald of March 3d.

"We learn that Edward C. Marshall and Calhoun Graham, Esqs., are enlisting men to serve in the War, under the Ten Regiment Bill. Reverts will be received at the South West corner of Main and Court Streets, and at Marshall's Law office, on 8th st. a few doors West of Main.

Isn't that a decidedly cool announcement for an editor to make who professes abolitionism and claims to be an opponent of the Mexican war? How kind it is in him to let fools know where they can enlist, and to be so particular in direction that they cannot possibly mistake the place. If the first three words were stricken off the article, and "STANLEY MATTHEWS, Recruiting Sergeant" subscribed thereto, we see not how Uncle Sam could object to endorsing it as a real Simon Pure recruiting trap.

Just Received.

"The Forlorn Hope," by Parker Pillsbury, price 15 cts.
The poetical "Anti-Slavery Alphabet"—a book pleasing and instructive to children, price 12 cts.
Also, a few copies of "Faet and Fietion," by Mrs. Child, "Memoir of Torrey," and "Granite Songster."
Those who desire to procure a copy of any of the above works, had better apply soon.—To accommodate our friends at a distance, we will send by mail to any one who will forward us one dollar, (postage paid) seven copies of "The Forlorn Hope." This work, together with the Anti-Slavery Alphabet, and those advertised in another column, may be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austinsburg.

To Correspondents.

E. F. A. Have not time to examine her package before this paper goes to press. Will give it due attention.
X. Very welcome to the use of our columns.
B. M. C. Hope B. will comply with her request. Better send the package by mail, unless a good private opportunity offers. We wrote her on Monday last.
J. B. Will reply to him next week. Does he hope the person referred to is a hypocrite? The article seems somewhat like it.
D. H. M. His article will appear when the state of our columns will permit. It is lengthy, and had it come from a friend, we might decline publishing it on that account.
Ellen. Is acceptable.
"A reader of the Bugle." Shall have place.
L. P. Will be inserted—wish he had been as brief as "Observer."
R. W. We wrote her a month since; did she not receive the letter?
P. R. Just received—better late than never. That money is current here.

Affairs in Mexico.

There are various rumors afloat in regard to the condition of things in Mexico; and reports manufactured to suit the public taste have from time to time been put in circulation. Not long since word came up that C. M. Clay had killed Marshall in a duel. By the time this was published in the papers in Maine, those in New Orleans were passing on a contradiction of the story. Then an account was given of the assassination of Santa Anna, and about the time the public were anxiously expecting a description of his funeral ceremonies, they hear he is engaged in fighting game cocks in some inland town of Mexico. The present advisers however, appear to have a more authentic hearing, and from them we gather that a slight reverse has happened to the American arms, to be followed perchance by greater. A party of eleven men, deputed to bear dispatches from Gen. Scott to Taylor, was captured by the Mexicans, who thereby gained possession of a detail of the proposed action of the American army. Another party of nearly one hundred met with the same fate, among whom was the Cassius M. Clay who left his pen and editorial chair for Mexico and martial glory! A quiet captivity in Mexico will perhaps do him good.

Some of the National Reformers

Of New York recently held a meeting, at which, among others, they passed the following resolution:

Resolved, therefore, That we, National Reformers of the city of New York, in view of our country's imminent peril, feeling bound to make prompt answer to her call for aid, do solemnly pledge ourselves to raise and enroll for active service in the war against Mexico, eight hundred men by the first day of April next; provided that those of our fellow citizens numbering five hundred and eighty men who have signed the call for this meeting, will pledge themselves to enlist and unite with us in active service—to make common cause against the Mexicans, in striving to restore an honorable peace to our distracted country.

It is true the contingent clause in the above very much diminishes the danger of the eight hundred being called for, and we might consider it a burlesque upon those who patriotically urge others to enlist while they decline to do so themselves, did not the other resolutions in the series prove that the National Reformers who adopted them, are in favor of the war. This is certainly a strange position for such men to occupy. They, who have been insisting that each family should have a homestead secured to them, are, robber-like, avowing their desire to deprive the Mexicans of theirs. What devotion to the principles of equality! What ardent desire to abolish the land monopoly by stealing entire provinces from a neighboring republic! Or is it only the citizens of the United States who are each entitled to a farm? If the National Reformers desire to elevate and improve the condition of man by securing a home to the homeless, and land to the landless, they had better stand aloof from all marauding parties, and have no connection with those whose highest idea of earthly good is to be found in the butchery of unoffending Mexicans.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—For the last two months we have not received this work until the subscribers in this neighborhood have been supplied—would it not be better for all to be sent at the same time! Among the contributors to the March No., are Bryant, Osgood, Neal and Cooper. The publishers promise a series of articles on the Indians of America, than which no subject could be more befitting an American Magazine, nor more interesting to American readers. The character of the aborigines whom this nation has so cruelly persecuted, is a study of deep interest—their character, not degraded as it has become by intercourse with pale-faces, but as it existed when they dwelt unmolested amid the boundless forests of the New World, and saw in their beauty and their majesty, a type of the Great Spirit whom they worshipped.

The Magazine for this month contains a handsome engraving of the Saukie and Fox Indians "on the look-out," which of itself is almost worth the price of the book, to say nothing of a view of the "Falls of the Towalga," Georgia.

Agents.

We have this week revised our list of agents for the Bugle, making some additions and other alterations.

John Bissell will act at Lowellville in place of Dr. Butler; Willard Curtis at Farmington in place of Wm. Smith; C. D. Brown at Hinkley in place of Luther Parker, Jr.; F. McGrew at Painesville in place of J. W. Briggs.

At some of the places where we have a large list of subscribers, we were informed that the appointment of an additional agent would be a matter of convenience to some of our patrons—this has accordingly been done as follows: T. E. Vickers, New Garden; W. J. Bright, Youngstown; Joseph Carroll, Ravenna; Elijah Poor, Richfield; J. F. Whitmore, Andover.

New agents: L. Hill, Granger; G. McClelland, Bath; G. W. Bushnell, Hartford; A. Joiner, Garrettsville.

We do hope that all our local agents will exert themselves to extend the circulation of the Bugle in their respective neighborhoods, for much depends upon the amount of labor thus bestowed.

We rely upon them for aid to promulgate in this way the diffusion of Disunion doctrines, and hope that not one of them will disappoint us.

The Wilmo Proviso.

Calhoun's speech—which we publish to-day—and other Southern influences, have been brought to bear with such force upon the Senate, as to compel free Northern Democrats to swallow slavery horns and hoofs.—The vote upon the exclusion of slavery from the territory stolen or to be stolen from Mexico was 21 against 31. So the Proviso was lost, and the bill as amended returned to the House for its consideration. We see it stated in one paper, that it was there adopted by a majority of 21! The report of its adoption is likely enough to be true, but we can hardly believe that after adopting the Proviso by a majority of 10, the House could so soon give a majority of 34 against it. There is no telling, however, what the craven-hearted dough-faces of the North will not do. The negro slave of the South is sold without his consent, but these loathsome creatures are placed upon the auction block by their own desire and struck off to the highest bidder—their price to be paid in Southern favor and political preferment.

The Annual Meeting.

The Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society have decided to appoint the Annual Meeting of that body at a time somewhat later in the season than it has usually been held; they believe the change will be an accommodation to many and give general satisfaction. The particular time and place of holding the meeting has not yet been fixed upon—as to time, probably the first or second week in August. Due notice of the date and place of assembling will be given.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, the pioneer of the enterprise, expects to be in Ohio sometime during the summer, and will probably make his arrangements to be with us on that occasion. Other friends of the cause from abroad are also expected.

AMERICAN HOUSE.—"A Card" will be found among the communications denying the statements made by Hammond Thomas in last week's paper, in regard to the proprietor of that house. The writer says, "I was present at the time the occurrence took place"—then it seems there was an "occurrence." Had J. M. W. informed our readers what did transpire at that time, it would have been more satisfactory to them than the mere assertion, "His statement is not correct—it is untrue," inasmuch as it is evident from his card that something did occur at the time and place referred to.

DELAWARE YET CLINGS TO SLAVERY.—The Senate of Delaware has refused by a vote of 5 to 4 to adopt the bill for the gradual abolition of slavery in that State, which originated in and was passed by the lower House. The postponement of this measure cannot long defer the attainment of the object in view, for the rising tide of public sentiment there, is becoming too strong to resist, and will soon compel action.

The number of slaves in Delaware in 1840, when the last census was taken, was 2,605.

GOOD.—The British Government has agreed to pay for the transportation of all supplies contributed by private benevolence, and sent from this country for the relief of famishing Ireland and Scotland. We hope it will have a heavy bill to foot.

In another column will be found the proceedings of the Irish Relief Meeting held in this place. They would have been published last week had the Secretary furnished us with a copy.

Our thanks to D. R. Tilden for a copy of his speech on the Mexican War and Slavery. We hope to be able to find room for some extracts before long.

Mr. Webster is an extraordinary man, not only intellectually but physically. He uses no glasses, and nibs a pen as readily as he did at 30.—Phil. North American.

Didn't he use glasses at the dinner? When the whigs gave him a great dinner here, which Dragoon Grant countenanced by his attendance, 2000 bottles of wine were drunk, and Daniel and his friends used their glasses pretty effectually.—Boston Post.

IRISH RELIEF MEETING.

In accordance with a call of many citizens to take into consideration the sufferings of Ireland, and also to adopt measures to assist in their relief, a meeting was held in the M. E. House, and organized by appointing Dr. Abel Carey to the Chair, and Richard H. Garrigue Secretary.

The call for the meeting being read—
On motion, the Address of the National Meeting at Washington city was read.
Samuel Scattergood, B. B. Davis, and Rev. Jacob Conn were appointed to produce resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

On motion, the report of the committee on resolutions was accepted.

On motion, the following Address was adopted:

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE STARVING PEASANTRY OF IRELAND.

To the Citizens of the State of Ohio.

Never since the rich soil of this rapidly growing State has become subdued by the axe and the plow of the husbandman, has there been a more plentiful store of the necessities of life in our granaries and store-houses, than the past season, and we may safely say, that never has there been a more urgent appeal upon the benevolence of our people than that which now comes to us from destitute, famine-stricken Ireland.

We have volumes of the most reliable evidence at hand that gaunt famine, in its most appalling form, stalks through that afflicted land. Death by actual starvation throughout a large portion of that country is a matter of daily, if not hourly occurrence! The mails from Europe come freighted with particulars—of scenes of distress and suffering most terrible to contemplate, and which are destined to continue till another crop be raised, or relief afforded. A few extracts may be given as a specimen of what we receive in print, and we may safely conceive of hundreds equally affected which never find their way into the public papers.

"Dr. Donovan solemnly assures a public meeting that the people are 'dropping in dozens about them.'"

"Mr. Marmion says that work on the public road is even more destructive than fever; for the unfed wretches have not energy enough to keep their blood in circulation, and they drop down from the united effects of cold and hunger—never to rise again."

"The accounts from Mayo, given in the Freeman's Journal, are very painful. In the parish of Cong, 27 deaths occurred within a week; in a neighboring parish, a like number in three weeks. The Rev. Patrick Fitzgerald, Roman Catholic curate, of Kilgeever, thus illustrates the intensity of the famine: 'I shall never forget the impression made upon my mind a few days ago, by a most heart-rending case of starvation. I have witnessed the poor mother of five in family sending her little children, almost listless from hunger, to bed, and despairing of ever again seeing them alive, she took her last leave of them. In the morning, her first act was to touch their lips with her hand, to see if the breath of life still remained; but the poor mother's fears were not groundless, for not a breath could she feel from some of her dear little children; that night buried them in the night of eternity.'"

"The horrible condition of the parish and town of Bantry: 'Starvation is the rule with our unhappy population. They drop in the field or in the road, or they shut themselves up in their hotels, and the rats devour them as they die! Catherine Aunt, speaking of Mary and Timothy McCarthy, says:—The cries of the child, Timothy, were terrible; but at last he died, lying on his mother's bosom, endeavoring to draw milk from her. On the day following, the mother died. The woman's eyebrow and part of her breast and nose had been eaten away by rats, as were the limbs of the child.'"

"Dr. James McCormack, in a letter to the Cork Constitution, dated Crookhaven, Jan. 11, says the deaths in that place from starvation average seven a day. One hundred have already died of starvation, and five times that number must immediately follow."

Other accounts show that the calamity is very general and increasing with fearful rapidity, accompanied by a fever and dysentery, both produced by extreme want and the use of turnips, cabbage and sea weed as a substitute for bread! One writer describes a case of the remains of the dead carcass of a horse being gathered up in a basket by a poor husband and father, to feed a starving wife and children; another relates a horrible scene in Cork, of a poor half-famished female rushing into the yard of a hotel—where upon some field entrails of fish, which had been thrown out, and after getting out of the gate-way, she reeled with weakness, and fell in the street, yet continued to gnaw at the disgusting entrails!

In the vicinity of poor houses, there is a continual rush to these places till they are filled to overflowing. Some, it is said, expecting to die, go there in order to secure a coffin, for hundreds are tumbled into their graves, with nothing around them but the tattered garments in which they were found dead. The horrible spectacle of carrying them to their graves in that condition is daily witnessed by travelers.

But it is not a time to enumerate cases of distress. We must stop at the commencement of their misery.

If it were a matter of dispute or doubt, any required amount of evidence could be adduced, but it is not.

Now what is the duty of a community of philanthropic and christian people, with granaries overflowing with the exuberance of a bountiful crop, when their ears are saluted with the death shrieks of famishing thousands? Who can sit down to partake of the sumptuous fare of his own table, when the empty stomachs of brethren and sisters across the water are concentering by the keen pang of hunger; and when the pathetic appeals of starving innocents are heard, with voices almost too weak for audible utterance, yet the more piercing, 'Father, get me some bread, Oh! father do get me a morsel of bread, or I must die!'

One poor lisping child was said to ask of its mother, 'mother, give me three grains of corn!'

What can be more touching—what can reach our sympathies, if this cannot? Behold the poor mother stinting herself to supply her little ones, now weak and haggard, is at last compelled to deny to her helpless babes the morsel which would sustain life, while, not understanding the cause, they continue to plead and to beg! The infant at the breast has been known to seek the vain

for its wonted nourishment there, and turn and die for want!

The distracted father, also the wretched victim of famine, his flesh every day diminishing, horror and despair depicted in his countenance, must suffer the two-fold torture of the piercing cries for bread, bread, bread, when he can procure none for them, and the pains of his own bodily affliction. Let these scenes be brought home in imagination, to our own domestic fire-sides. Let us suppose our own children, our parents or brothers and sisters, to be at this moment subsisting upon some boiled vegetables as 'constitute of nourishment as the sea-weed, and growing pale, lank and sickly or falling victims to disease, what exertion would we think too great to supply them at least with a little corn meal to sprinkle over their mess!

But let the stoutest heart resist if it can, the melting appeal of a poor half-starved babe, in all the innocence of its age, and in the entire absence of an item of life-sustaining food, asking its mother for three grains of corn!

We have it in our power to rescue our fellow creatures from the jaws of famine; a timely move on our part may save thousands from premature death. Who is unable to send at least a peck of corn, which alone might save a family from starvation till other assistance comes to their relief!

Citizens of Ohio, will you not avail yourselves of the present opportunity of conferring upon a warm-hearted, but broken-hearted people, of those blessings with which you have been favored by a kind Providence, that you may receive not only the most cordial thanks of a grateful people, but the welcome exhortation inasmuch 'as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me.'

Whereas, from the information that has been laid before this meeting from sources on which we believe the fullest reliance can be placed, it appears that the famine now existing in Ireland is so extensive, and is attended in many places with such appalling scenes of distress as to claim our warmest sympathies for the sufferers and our efforts for their relief.

Resolved, That we do deeply sympathize with our fellow creatures in Ireland who are now suffering disease and famine, and that we will contribute of the abundance with which we are blessed, towards their relief.

Resolved, That a committee consisting of 11 persons, forming a central committee to receive, prepare and forward any contributions which may be got together, and to co-operate with District committees which may be appointed.

The following are the names of the committee: Joshua Davis, Benj. B. Davis, Zedek Street, J. H. Ebert, J. Stranglin, Jacob Conn, Allen Farquhar, Samuel Chessum, Samuel Scattergood, Jehu Fawcett, Samuel Street, Dr. J. Coffey.

Resolved, That a committee consisting of persons residing in the different school districts be appointed to solicit from the citizens of each district contributions in food or money for this purpose, to be forwarded to the central committee at Salem, as soon as practicable.

Resolved, That it is a source of gratification to us to perceive that meetings have already been held in various parts of this country, in many of the principal towns throughout this state, and the U. States, for the promotion of this benevolent object.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of similar meetings in every school district in the state.

Resolved, That this meeting at this time, go into a subscription of money and provisions.

Resolved, That we recommend corn, Indian meal, and all kinds of Beans, as the most suitable food to export, and also inform the community that a kiln in process of erection to dry such articles as would otherwise obtain damage in shipment.

On motion the proceedings, with the address, be referred to the papers in Salem for publication.

On motion adjourned.

ABEL CAREY, Pres.

RICH. H. GARRIGUES, Sec.

Say it, by all Means.

The Hon. Mr. Dargis, a Representative from Alabama, in opposing the Wilmo proviso, exclaimed:

"Say to the South, that they are only fighting to make FREE TERRITORY, that it is only for this that the brave men of Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, are periling their lives, and they will demand the settlement of this question now, preliminary to any further prosecution of the war!"

Let the North profit by this frank avowal. No time should be lost in saying boldly to the 'brave men of Carolina, Georgia and Alabama,' that no more Slave Territory shall come into the Union.

If, as Mr. Dargis says, the 'brave men' of the South will not 'peril their lives to make Free Territory,' it is to be expected that the 'brave men' of the North will peril their lives to extend the curses of Slavery!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN ENGLAND.—The Abolition of the Punishment of Death is a question rapidly acquiring numerous advocates and creating great interest. Numerous public meetings have been lately held in the metropolis, but no distinguished public man has, as yet, taken any part in the proceedings. The subject is one which is quietly copying the minds of the most distinguished jurists, and will form a topic for debate in the coming Parliament. Eventually the agitation will be successful, but other men than those now prominently taking part in the proceedings must direct the movement to its final triumph. The excessive extent to which capital punishments were carried during the reign of that monarch, George the Third, and his licentious successor, George the Fourth, revolted public feeling and has laid the basis of the present movement. The problem for solution is, how can society receive punishment for the most sanguinary crimes!—London Cor. Jour. of Commerce.

An exchange paper says that "the Catholic population in the United States has increased from 600,000 in 1845, to 2,000,000 in 1846." Yes, and if the plunder of Mexico be accomplished, the Catholic population will be increased to TEN MILLIONS; and yet Protestant Ministers who howled so loudly against Catholic ascendancy, pray for God's blessing on our barbarizing army.—Spirit of Liberty.

SLAVERY IS NOT A BLESSING.—A correspondent of the N. O. Delta, writing from Thibodaux, says:

"A rencontre took place last week between the overseer of Mr. A. Collins, (a planter in our vicinity,) and one of the negroes. It seems the overseer wished to chastise the negro for some offence, and the negro resisted and struck the overseer with a spade. The overseer grappled with him and called some of the negroes to his assistance, but perceiving that the negroes were not willing to assist him, he drew his knife and stabbed the negro to the heart. A Coroner's inquest has been held and a verdict given in accordance with the circumstances, and declaring the overseer justifiable."

THE OHIO BUSHEL.—An act of the Ohio Legislature, passed the 8th of February, 1847, fixes the following weights as the standard bushel of the articles named, when sales are made by the bushel, without special agreement between the parties as to the measurement; that is to say:

	60 pounds.
Wheat,	56 "
Indian Corn,	56 "
Barley,	48 "
Oats,	34 "
Rye,	56 "
Pea Seed,	56 "
Clover Seed,	64 "

Receipts.

Simon Meredith, Berlin,	\$2.00-121
Nathan Cope, Salsenville,	2.00-118
Wm. Carr, Richfield,	75-
Jerome Harburt,	25-93
Eli Phelps, Salem,	1.50-87
Felix Brady, New Lisbon,	2.00-69
J. D. Mason, Medina,	50-73
J. Doner,	75-82
J. Martin,	75-82
J. Wilman, Marlboro,	1.50-104
C. Jones, Short Creek,	1.00-116
Dr. Butler, Lowellville,	75-95
J. Porter,	3.00-104
J. Knox,	87-81
E. Sharpless,	2.00-69
M. Bole,	1.00-66
H. Hamilton,	1.50-110
J. Smith,	1.50-118
L. Murray, Youngstown,	1.50-104
W. Lindsey,	1.00-23
R. Holland,	3.00-104
N. A. Andrews,	3.00-104
F. G. Rick,	75-89
F. Whitaker,	1.00-81
A. D. Jacobs,	50-64
A. D. Jacobs,	2.00-145
E. J. Buckingham, Southington,	1.50-99
E. J. Hank Jr., Warren,	1.50-98

* The last two were paid by Eli Caldwell, Lowellville.

☞ Please take notice, that in the acknowledgment of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

Anti-Slavery Books

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are
Narrative of Douglass.
Archy Moore.
The Liberty Cap.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholder's Religion.
Disunionist, &c.

CHEAP GOODS!

THE subscriber has on hand the following Goods, viz: Plain dark Calicoes of different qualities and prices, small fig. Moss, de laine, all wool, Moss, de laine, Thibet and drab Shawls, white silk dress Shawls of different sizes, Merinos, Coburgs, Flannels, Linens, Plain striped and cross barred Cambricks, Book Muslin and Book Muslin h'd'k's, Furniture and Apron checks, Gingham, Tickings, Satinets, Cassimeres, Cloth, &c.
ALSO, Free Goods, such as Gingham, Calicoes, Muslins, Table diaper and Apron checks. All of which are offered for sale very low for Cash or Produce.
C. D. BASSETT.
Salem, 24 mo. 5th, 1847.

WANTED.

1000 bushel dried Apples,
100,000 lbs. Pork,
50,000 lbs. Lard,
10 or 12 good Horses.
HEATON & IRISH.
Der. 25th, 1846.

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving

SUPPLIES FROM THE EAST, of Books and Stationery,—and Articles in their line not on hand will be ordered on short notice.

They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms, as that no one need have an excuse for not reading.
Schools and Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.

D. L. GALBREATH, }
JESSE HOLMES, }
Salem, 1st mo. 28th, 1846.

WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE
Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydro-pathic practice.
Salem, Dec. 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.
No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.
July 17, '46.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES.
BOOTS and SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESGOTT
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

POETRY.

From the Tribune. Christ Betrayed.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Fifteen hundred years ago
Was that deed of darkness done;
Was that sacred, thorn-crowned head
To a shameful death betrayed,
And Icarus' traitor name
Blazoned in eternal shame.
Thou, disciple of our time,
Follower of the faith sublime,
Who with high and holy scorn
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,
Though the years may never more
To our earth that form restore,
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,
Ever in thy heart He strives,
When pale Jesus' meekly calls,
When thy tempted brother falls,
When thy gentle words may chain
Hate, and Anger, and Diadain,
Or thy loving smile impart
Courage to some sinking heart;
When within thy troubled breast
Good and evil thoughts contend,
Though unconscious thou may'st be,
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land
With His small Disciple band,
And the fatal hour had come
For that august martyrdom;
When the man, the human love,
And the God within Him strove,
As in Gethsemane He wept,
They, the faithless watchers, slept;
While for them He wept and prayed,
One denied and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside
In thy luxury and pride,
Wrapping within thyself and blind
To the sorrows of thy kind,
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,
Thou art one of those who sleep,
Or, if waking thou dost see
Nothing of Divinity,
In our fallen, struggling race,
If in them thou seest no trace
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,
Of a Future to be won,
Of a Future, hopeful, high,
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.
But if, seeing, thou believest,
If the Evangel thou receivest,
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,
False to the Ideal within,
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

An Appeal for Ireland.

O! list to the wail—the wail of the dying—
The cry of the famishing, perishing crowd;
Mark! infants are sobbing and mothers are
sighing,
And iron-nerved men are weeping aloud.

Lead booming across the ocean's dark water
Comes the cry of the needy, the noble and
brave;
The strong men are falling—they fall in the
slaughter
Giant famine is working—oh! pity and
save.

They stagger and reel—their strength is all
wasted,
Pale, pale is the cheek, and dimmed is the
eye,
Each huskily whispers—"No food have I
tasted."

O! 'tis hard from sheer famine thus slowly
to die.
They carry him homeward—O! cheerless the
greeting,
Pale wife and wan children are weeping at
home;
Yet true to their love, his name oft repeating,
The morsel's untouched till the absent one
come.

O! list to the wailing—the strong men are
falling,
O! hear how they cry for a morsel of food;
Their prayers then prevailing, with mercy
availing,
Shall teach you how blessed it is to do
good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PLOUGH AND SWORD.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

In one of the quiet villages that beautify
the valley of the Connecticut, sleeping like
nests among the green drapery, was a pleasant
and somewhat antique farm-house. It stood
retired from the public road, overshadowed
by a lofty elm, with broad, drooping branches.
A silver brooklet came bubbling from the
hillside in its back-ground, then flowing into
a nook amid the roots of some old trees, and
growing deeper and more subdued, was content
to refresh the steep of the passing traveler, or
the birds who drank and rummaged in its waters,
as though it was to them a Helicon.

The smaller tenements and appendages of
the farm-house evinced neatness and good
husbandry. A dense hop-vine clustered
along its piazza, and a row of bee-hives sent
forth their busy people among the thyme and
balm-beds. The sound of the matron's
wheel, mingling with her song, was heard
from the open casement in summer, while
the rich produce from the churn and the
cheese-press attested her skill in the dairy.

In the labor of the farmer, his two young
sons were constant and active participants.
They assisted to draw the furrow in early
spring, and to scatter the seed from whence
their bread was to grow. In the summer,
they followed the scythe with their lighter
implements, preparing the fragrant food for
their domestic animals. In autumn they aided
to gather into the garner the varied tribute that
God, through their mother earth, sent as a
reward for faithful toil. In winter they sought
with equal diligence, at the district school,
those mental stores which were to enrich the
whole life.

One cold evening, they were seated with
their books beside a bright fire fed by the
trunk of their own forest, while their lamp
cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered
landscape. The younger, a boy of thirteen,
threw aside his lesson, and said:
"I intend to be a soldier. I have read of
Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte—

There is nothing in this world so great as the
fame of the warrior."

His brother raised a thoughtful brow, and
regarded him with a steady glance for a few
moments ere he replied.

"To destroy life, and bring mourning into
families, and misery into the world, seems to
me cruel, instead of glorious."
"O, but the rich dress, the fine music, and
the glittering arms, think of them! And then,
the honor and the praise! To have hosts of
soldiers under your command, and all the
people talking of your courage, and distant
nations applauding your victories; how can
you be blind to such greatness as that?"

"Did not our minister say last Sunday,
from the pulpit, that the end of life was the
test of its greatness? Now, Alexander of
Macedon, whom you call the Great, fell in a
fit of drunkenness, and Bonaparte died on a
desolate island, like a chained wild beast."

"I am sorry to see you so easily pre-
judiced. Indeed, I must say you have a very
narrow mind. I doubt whether you are ca-
pable of admiring heroes. You had better,
by all means, be a farmer. Your highest
ambition, I suppose, is to break a pair of
steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the father was heard from an
adjoining apartment.
"Boys, go to bed!"

Thus ended, for that night, their conver-
sation on martial glory, the only subject on
which they strongly disagreed.

A few hours swiftly and silently passed
by. How quiet is the lapse of time in an
agricultural valley! Masses of men are not
there to level the hillsides, or rear the red brick
where the forest waves, or toss the slumbering
waters into the cauldron of the steam-
spirit, or give the green lanes to the tramp of
its iron horse.

Seed-time and harvest alternate—the beau-
tiful seasons complete their annual round.—
The child comes forth from the arms of its
mother, and guides the plough; a little more
silver is sprinkled on the heads that have
passed their prime—the old man leans more
heavily upon his staff—a few more green
mounds are visible in the church yard.

The features of the rural scenery which we
have already described, were but slightly
changed. The elm had thrown its groined
branches somewhat higher and marked out a
broader circumference of shade. The brook
still told an unfinished tale to listening sum-
mer, and in winter rustled with frost-work
and diamonded its root-crowned basin. On the
roof of the farm-house, more moss had
gathered, and its rough brown fence was re-
placed by a white paling.

Within, was the same cheerful fire that
blazed when we last visited it. By its hearth
stone stood the same arm chairs, but its for-
mer occupants had become tenants of that
lowly bed which no rising sun awakens.

In their place sat the eldest son, and by his
side a woman of mature age and pleasing
countenance, on whose knee rested a fair in-
fant. On a pallet, in a shaded nook of the
apartment, two little ones quietly breathed in
the sleep of innocence, and at a small table,
two boys with thoughtful brows pondered
their lessons. A winter storm was raging,
and as the blast shook the casements, the
farmer said to his wife,

"In such cold nights, I cannot help think-
ing of my poor brother. But so many years
have passed since we heard aught of him,
and his way of life was so full of danger, that
it is most probable he no longer needs our
sympathy."

"He reached, just as you began to speak, I
thought I heard some one knock, or was it
the wind striking the old elm tree?"

On opening the door, a motionless form
was extended near the threshold. A staff
was still feebly grasped in his hand, and a
crutch, that supplied the place of a lost limb,
had fallen at his side; with difficulty he was
borne in, and pillowed near the fire. After
the application of restoratives, he opened his
eyes, and seemed to gaze on every surround-
ing object—clock and oaken table, and large
old bible—as on some recollected friend.—
Then there was some faint sound of "brother."
That tone touched the tender memories of
earlier years. Their welcome to the poor
wanderer, with the broken frame, the tattered
garment, was heartfelt. Yet their tears
flowed freshly at his pathetic tones.

"See, I have come home to die!"
They hastened to spread the refreshing re-
past, and to press him to partake. Afterwards
they induced him to retire to rest without
taxing his exhausted strength by conversation.
The next morning he was unable to rise.
They sat by his couch, soothing his worn
spirit with narratives of the changes that
had befallen the friends and other friends in
the peaceful spot of his birth. At intervals
he mingled his own sad recital.

"I have had many troubles. But that
which hath most bowed me down inwardly,
was my disobedience in leaving home against
the wishes, and without the knowledge of
my parents, to be a soldier. I have felt the
pain of my wounds, but the sting of con-
science is keener. Hunger and thirst I have
known, and the prisons of a foreign land.
When I lay sick and neglected, it would
sometimes seem, in the fever-dream, that my
mother bent kindly over me, as she would if
I had only the head-ache—or that my father
came with the great Bible in his hand, to read
as he used to do, before prayers, morning and
evening. Then I cried out in agony, 'I am
no longer worthy to be called thy son.'"

He paused, overcome with emotion, and
his brother hastened to assure him of their
perfect forgiveness, and of the fervor with
which he was brought ever before the family
altar as the son erring yet beloved.

"Ah, those prayers! They have followed
me like angels' wings. But for them I might
have been a reprobate both to God and man."
By little and little, as his feebleness ad-
mitted, he told the story of his wanderings.
He had been in warfare both by sea and
land. He had heard the deep ocean resound
to battle thunders, and seen earth saturated
with the red shower from the bosom of her
sons. He had served in the armies of Euro-
pe, and pursued the hunted Indian in his
own native clime. He had plunged reck-
lessly amid the thickest dangers, seeking
everywhere the glory that dazzled his boy-
hood, but in vain. He found the soldier's
lot was hardship, privation and death, that
others might win the fame. He saw what
wounds and mutilations, what anguish, mourn-
ing, and death, were implicated in a single
victory. He felt how far the renown of the
greatest conqueror falls short of the good that
he forfeits; how it fades away before the mis-
ery that he inflicts.

"For a few moments," said he, "on the
verge of battle, I felt a shuddering, inex-
pressible horror at the thought of destroying
my fellow creatures; but in the heat of con-
flict all human sympathy vanished. Desperate
madness took possession of me, and I cared
neither for this world nor the next. I have
been left helpless on the field beseeching
trampling horses, my open gashes streaming
in the chill night air, while no man cared for
my soul. Yet why should I pain you by such
descriptions! You have ever dwelt within
the sweet influence of mercy, and shrink to
distress even a soulless animal!—You cannot
realize the hardness of heart that comes with
such a life as I have led. The soldier is en-
forced to be familiar with suffering and
violence. His moral and religious sensibilities
are in continual peril. Profanity and contempt
of sacred things mingle with the elements
of his trade. The solemn, hallowing privi-
leges of the Sabbath are not for him. The pre-
cepts of the Gospel that were instilled into
his childhood are in danger of being swept
away. Still my heart ceased not to reproach
me in seasons of reflection, though I would
fain have silenced and made it callous. O! that
it might be purified by penitence, ere I am
called to answer for deeds of blood, and for a
lost life."

His sympathizing brother and sister still
cherished the hope, that by medical skill and
careful nursing, his health might be restored.
They placed much reliance on the salutary
fruits of feeling which the kindness of early
friends awakened.

Yet his constant assertion was, "my vital
energies are wasted. They can be rekindled
no more. Death standeth at my right hand.
When I came to the borders of this beautiful
valley, my poor swollen limb tortured, and my
whole frame began to fail. Then I be-
sought Him whom I had so often forgotten.
O! give me heart and hope, and hold me up
but a little while, that I may die in the house
where I was born, and be buried at the feet
of my father and mother."

The suffering and humble man sought ear-
nestly for the hope of salvation. Feeling that
a great change was necessary ere he could
be fitted for a realm of purity and peace;
he studied the Scriptures with prayer, and
listened to the counsels of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, you have followed
the examples of your parents. In the peaceful
pursuits of agriculture, your life has flow-
ed on like an untroubled stream. I chose to
toss among whirlpools, and made shipwreck
of all. You have kept the law of love even
with inferior creatures. You have shown the
fleece, but not vainly destroyed the lamb.
You have taken the honey, and spared the
laboring bee; but I have destroyed both hive
and honey, the fleece and the flock, man and
his habitation. I have cruelly defaced the
image of God, and crushed out that breath
which I can never restore. Bitter is the
warfare of my soul with the prince of the
power of the air, who roth in the children
of disobedience."

As the last hour approached, he laid his
cold hands on the heads of his brother's two
little sons, saying with solemn emphasis,
"Choose the plough, and not the sword!"
Tender gratitude lighted up the glowing
eyes as he faintly uttered,
"Sister, brother, you have been angels of
mercy to me. Peace be in your hearts, and
upon your household!"

The venerable pastor, who had been his
teacher in childhood, and the comfort of his
sickness, stood by his side as he went down
into the dark valley of the shadow of death.
"My son, look unto the lamb of God."
"Yes, Father. He taketh away the sin
of the world."

The white-haired man lifted up a fervent
supplication for the departing soul.

When he closed, the eyes of the dying
man were closed. There was no more heav-
ing of the breast and gasping. And they
spoke of him as having gone where no sin or
sorrow can have place.

Yet again the eyelids trembled and one
long struggling sigh burst from the marble
lips. Bending down, the mournful brother
caught the last sound, faint yet tuneful—
"And of peace," and "Savior of sinners!"

Death by Hunger.

The following thrilling description of death
by hunger, is extracted from the speech made
by S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, at the pub-
lic meeting in that city on the 4th ult., for
the purpose of adopting measures for the re-
lief of the starving poor of Ireland:

"Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful
world, which the good God has given us, and
in which there is plenty for us all, that men
should die of starvation! In these days,
when improvements in agriculture and me-
chanical arts have quadrupled the productiv-
ness of labor; when it is manifest that the
earth produces every year more than sufficient
to clothe and feed all her thronging millions;
it is a shame, and a disgrace, that the world
starvation has not long since become obsolete,
or only retained to explain the dim legends
of a barbarous age. You who have never
been beyond the precincts of your own favor-
ed country; you, more especially, who have
always lived in this great valley of the Mis-
sissippi—the cornucopia of the world—who
see each day poured into the lap of your city
food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a na-
tion, can form but an imperfect idea of the
horrors of famine; of the terror which strikes
men's souls when they cry in vain for bread.

When a man dies of disease, he alone endures
the pain. Around his pillow are gathered
sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot
keep back the deadly messenger, cover his
face and conceal the horrors of his visage as
he delivers his stern mandate.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and
strength, little reck the soldier whether the
hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the
cords of life are severed by the sharp steel.
But he who dies of hunger, writhes
alone, day after day, with his grim and unrel-
enting enemy. He has no friends to cheer
him in the terrible conflict; for if he had
friends how could he die of hunger! He
has not the hot blood of the soldier to main-
tain him; for his foe, vampire-like has ex-
hausted his veins. Famine comes not up
like a brave enemy, storming by a sudden
onset, the fortress that resists—Famine be-
sieges. He draws his lines around the doom-
ed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never
summons to surrender, for he gives no
quarter. Alas! for poor human nature, how
can it sustain this fearful warfare! Day by
day the blood recedes; the flesh deserts; the
muscles relax, and the sinews grow power-
less. At last the mind, which at first had
bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives
way under the mysterious influences which
govern its union with the body. Then he
begins to doubt the existence of an over-
ruling Providence; he hates his fellow-men,
and glares upon them with the tongue of a
cannibal, and it may be, dies blaspheming."

The American Expedition to Japan.

Correspondence of the Sun.

U. S. SHIP COLUMBIA.
Honolulu, Sept. 30, 1846.

Knowing the interest our visit to Japan has
excited among civilized nations, I dispatch
the following particulars by an opportunity
now offering for Boston. We sailed from Ma-
cau on the 26th of May, ostensibly for the
Sandwich Islands, but with secret instructions
to touch at the ports of Amoy and Chusan, on
our way to Japan, and as far as possible to pro-
mote friendly intercourse between the Ameri-
cans in those cities and the Chinese inhabi-
tants. In this the gallant Com. Biddle was
altogether successful, and after a run of fifteen
days we were in sight of Japan, and in com-
pany with the Vincennes anchored below
Yedo, or Jeddo, the commercial metropolis.
Having no charts of the harbor, and the na-
tives refusing to pilot us up, we remained in
the bay. The authorities came off and re-
quested us not to come near the shore. They
would supply us with everything we required,
and deliver any communication we might have
for their grand Cuboy, or Emperor, who
resides at Jeddo, some miles inland. Com-
modore Biddle forwarded his letter of intro-
duction to the Emperor, from the President
of the United States, which explained the
object of our visit. The Cuboy is styled the
"Illustrious Monarch under Heaven," or "the
sovereign of the gods under Sun rising." His
Majesty rules thirty millions
of people, he has two hundred and fifty thou-
sand square miles of territory, an army of
three hundred thousand infantry and ten thou-
sand cavalry. Next to the Cuboy is the Dai-
ro, or spiritual head of the empire. These
are sovereign in their respective governments
and each in turn is compelled to obey the
other. The Cuboy has petty princes under
him who rule the provinces into which the
empire is divided. The Dairo has twelve
viceroyalties, and the Cuboy an unlimited number.
Polygamy is universal. The religion is like
that of China. In art, science and literature,
the Japanese are superior to the Chinese,
from whom they descended. They have
converted their barren islands into beautiful
gardens, which rise in terraces on the moun-
tains. They have copper, iron, steel and
silver, and in working these metals they are
not surpassed by Europeans. Coal also
abounds in the islands. The manufacture of
porcelain and glass, lacquered ware, silk and
cotton goods, has been carried on by them
for centuries. Their trade is confined to the
Dutch, the Chinese and the Curans, and the
only port open to these is Nagasaki. Their
deal of foreigners was caused by an attempt
of the Portuguese to establish the Roman
Catholic Religion over them in the beginning
of the seventeenth century, when Dutch mer-
chants disclosed the plot to the Japanese
priests. The Cuboy himself had embraced
the Catholic religion, with a third of his peo-
ple, and all these, with the Catholic Mission-
aries, were slain by the Dairo and his reli-
gious followers. Ever since, the Dutch mer-
chants have enjoyed exclusive privileges, and
all the great men of the empire speak the
Dutch with great fluency. By this means
they obtain from Dutch newspapers an ac-
curate knowledge of occurrences throughout the
world. As an evidence of this, we were as-
tonished to learn that they had heard of our
intended visit. The President's letter in-
formed the Emperor that the people of the
United States were desirous of cultivating
friendly relations with the Japanese, to which
the Emperor replied that he had heard of the
greatness of the United States; he hoped they
would continue to be prosperous and happy,
but the policy of his country would not per-
mit him to open his ports to any but the Chi-
nese and Dutch. He begged the Commo-
dore to supply himself with what he wanted;
that the people would furnish him all that
the country afforded, and having obtained
his supplies, he hoped he would retire from
the bay as rapidly as possible and never re-
turn. They brought us everything we want-
ed—as fuel, water and provisions, &c. but
would take nothing in return. Accompany-
ing the Emperor's reply was a bundle of
worthless trinkets, as a present from his Ma-
jesty to Com. Biddle, which he refused to
accept. This puzzled the Japanese Ambassa-
dor. He dare not return with his presents,
so he loitered around the deck until nightfall,
and then throwing the bundle into the ship's
boat, darted off to the shore. Commodore
Biddle distributed the trinkets among the
officers. We were not permitted to land,
and the mandarins told us that if we attempt-
ed to land by force, they would all commit
suicide by ripping out their intestines, that
being the custom of their country. Some ac-
cepted our presents, but returned them all
before we left. They would take nothing
from us. Most of the officers and people who
came on board brought their own provisions
with them. Some wanted to sleep on board,
but were not permitted. We could see none
of their women, who are said to excel in
beauty and virtue, and resent indignities to
their honor by committing suicide at once.—
Their men are extremely beautiful, and even
at middle age present the full development
of athletic power, with the freshness and vi-
gor of youth. They attain a great age. An-
imal food is not in general use. We could
obtain neither beef nor pork, but received
poultry, game, eggs and vegetables in abun-
dant quantities. Their officers dress in gowns,
much like our female attire. Each had two
swords, a small one and a large one, equal in tem-
per and finish to our best American swords.—
The soldiers dress in flexible metallic armor,
which is beautifully janned, and covers the
body and limbs. Each wears on his back
the armorial insignia of his regiment, and in
some instances a cross was worked in their
coat of arms, probably in commemoration of
the massacre of the Christians. Their boats
had similar devices on their flags, and each
differed. In religious opinions they are
greatly divided. Yet the Buddhists, the fol-
lowers of Sinto and the disciples of Confu-
cius all agree in the following, which consti-
tutes the moral philosophy of the Empire, viz:
1. not to kill, nor to eat any creature that
has been killed; 2. not to commit fornication
nor adultery; 3. not to steal; 4. not to lie; and
5. to abstain from wine and all intoxicating
drinks. They are friendly and polite in their
intercourse with each other and with stran-
gers. Education is universal; seminaries of
learning are established in all the towns, and
each of the convents contain one thousand or
more learned men, who adopt the principles
of celibacy and devote themselves to religion
and education. They have a fair knowledge
of our arts and sciences; they have books
and newspapers, and the art of printing was
known among them some hundred years be-
fore its invention in Europe. They wrote
from right to left and from left to right, in
continuation. Their notion of suicide is most

extraordinary. It is considered meritorious
to commit suicide to avoid disgrace or serve
the Cuboy or the Dairo. In cases of earth-
quakes or storms, from which the islands
suffer every few months, the authorities order
numbers of the people to commit suicide to
appease the offended deity, and the order is
at once obeyed. These self-sacrifices are
generally made to the devil, or the spirit of
evil, from fear of his power. Their worship
of the Good Spirit is carried on by sacrifices
of fruits and sacred offerings in the temples,
before the idols. One of the idols at the Is-
land of Meaco, of which a Mandarin gave me
some account, is eighty feet broad and seven-
ty feet high, and is made of solid copper from
the mines. Ecclesiastical affairs occupy
much time. The Clergy are rich and well
provided for. In bringing the water to the
ships, the natives use pails and buckets.—
In propelling the boats they used sculls.—
Their largest vessels were from fifty to sev-
enty tons, having one mast and one sail.—
Taken altogether, the Japanese are a plain,
simple, unostentatious people, and whether
the other nations will succeed in opening in-
tercourse with them, remains to be seen. A
French fleet was to visit Jeddo after us, to
be followed by an English fleet, which latter
will probably better down their walls. *

Morgue, or Dead-House of Paris.

The foreign correspondent of the Newark
Observer gives the following account of that
philanthropic structure in Paris called the
Morgue, to which are conveyed the bodies of
all unknown persons, who meet with acci-
dental or violent deaths. If not claimed by
any friend, they remain there three days, and
then are interred at the public expense. The
number thus annually brought in about three
hundred, of which one-sixth only are female.
Dr. A. K. Gardner of New York, is the cor-
respondent, and writes as below:

Near the Pont St. Michel is situated a
structure, which attracts the notice of every
stranger visiting the city, in consequence of
the publications of travellers; and yet is a
building, possessing no interest in itself.—
Composed of stone, but without pretension,
plain, and even insignificant, without a sign
or flag, or any thing else to distinguish it,
every body would be in danger of overlook-
ing one of the most extraordinary places in
Paris, were it not for the numbers of people
seen constantly entering and soon returning
from the enclosure. Following the multitude
to-day, I entered a small room divided into
two parts by a glass partition, from which
the company is prevented from making too
near an approach by an iron railing. The
crowd of dirty blouses, charcoal-men, wash-
er-women, market-women, and hucksters of
all sorts, is so great that we are kept for some
time at a little distance. A quantity of clothes
is hanging on nails around this apartment;
such as are near, are of poor quality—an old
cap, and the well-worn garments of a man,
having the appearance of being rough dried,
full of wrinkles and much soiled. Beyond
these, in the middle, hangs the apparel of a
woman; a pretty open-work straw bonnet
with a neat riband, a crape shawl, a dress
of white cambric, and body linen of fine tex-
ture, from all of which the water is dripping.
Still further on, are the garments of a man,
of costly materials, but doubled with floss
Iron frames, supporting inclined boards to the
number of eight or ten, were arranged round
the room, into which we had looked. On
these, directly underneath the collection of
clothes, were outstretched the bodies of their
wearers, stripped naked with the exception of
a slight covering of small size about the
loins. Of these unfortunates, after inquiry,
I obtained the following account:

The character of the first might be read
without much difficulty in his red and bloated
face, bearing indelible traces of the ravages
of strong drink. He had been drawn from the
Seine, into which he had thrown himself, and
unintentionally fallen. The body had evi-
dently remained some days in the river, and
becoming thus putrescent, a constant shower
of water was projected upon it from a cock,
which was fixed over it, as well as all the
other inclined frames. The owner of the
feminine apparel was a young girl of about
twenty-two years, and more than commonly
handsome. Her delicate features were as
white as marble, contrasting strongly with
her hair of jetty black, which fell in damaged
but most luxuriant masses upon her beau-
tiful shoulders and naked breast. She had
just been taken from the water, and there she
lay in such beautiful repose, that, but for the
associations of the place, one might have im-
agined her a nered in placid slumber. The
morning papers gave her name and history.
She was not a goddess, but only a poor gri-
sette, who earned a meagre subsistence by
daily labor. She was employed in a shop to
sell goods, and had lived in pleasant har-
mony with a young clerk in the same estab-
lishment many years. But latterly, it seemed,
he felt her charms to be less attractive, and
growing tired of her society, he had fomented
a dispute on purpose to effect a separation;
and so he left her to seek another companion.
The poor girl, however, being not gifted with
the same selfish facility, or heartless infidel-
ity, found herself unable to support the es-
trangement, and sought a reconciliation.—
But in vain. Her false lover had accom-
plished his object, and, thus abandoned, she
felt that the only way

"To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his heart-strings, was to die."
A leap from the Pont Neuf, where the swift
Seine runs most rapidly, and all was over.

The other body was a Spaniard from the
West Indies. A long purse in Paris very
shortly exhibits to view the terrible epitaph,
"Mene, tekell, uphariss."

but when the gambler puts his fingers into
it, the catastrophe is too sudden to admit any
premonition. Constant losses had nearly ex-
hausted the ample funds of this unhappy
young man, when one day in the private
apartment of a cafe, the report of a pistol was
heard, and he was instantly found dead, hav-
ing his head shockingly mangled by this aw-
ful act of self-destruction.

"Oh such is the Kingdom of HEAVEN."
—We were reading Rev. Orville Dewey's
Address to the public from a meeting in
Washington for the relief of Ireland, in the
presence of some children on Friday evening.
In this sentence occurs—"Mother," said a
child dying of starvation, as one of the let-
ters reports—"Mother, give me three grains
of corn!" That is what famishing Ireland
says to us. The little ones were attentive
and absorbed, and the conversation for some
time was directed toward the misery of that
unhappy country. The next morning after
breakfast, as we stood at the back window,

we saw a little girl about four years old, feed-
ing her pet chickens with crumbs of bread.
We opened the window and reminded her
that there was other food in a kitchen closet
for them. "Oh, yes," said she, "I know it
and kippies know it too, but no matter, this
will do."

"Some time after, as we were reading, the
little one came to our side with a paper roll,
and handed it to us, saying:
"Can't you send this to the poor little
Irish girl that is starving?"

"What is it?" said we.
"Kippies' breakfast," was the reply.
We opened it—it was one of the paper
cornucopias which Santa Claus had filled
with bon-bons for the stocking at Christmas,
but in place of the confections, it was now
filled with corn! The votive offering of a
child! But this was not all. Pouring the
corn out on the table, at the bottom of the
paper bag we found a cent, taken from the lit-
tle treasure chest, which has been garnered
for future uses. We placed the money and
the seed as we found them, and will take care
that they are delivered according to the child-
ish request.—N. Y. Express.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf-Skins,
Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee,
Spice, Fish; Cinnamon, Mould Candles. Tar by
the kit and barrel. Turpentine, Spermin Oil,
Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by

HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 25th, 1846.

LOOKING GLASSES.
In connection with Hardware and Drugs,
the subscribers have a large supply of new
and handsome styles of large and small Look-
ing Glasses and Looking Glass plates.
Old frames refilled and glass cutting done
to order.

CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

CHEAP FOR CASH.
The proprietors of the Salem
Hardware and Drug Store,
have just received their full supply of
NEW HARDWARE and FRESH DRUGS.
The patronage of their old customers, and
the public generally is respectfully solicited.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

REMOVAL.
GEORGE ORR has removed from the house
of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and ex-
tensive Dry Goods house of
LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.
No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be
glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call be-
fore making their Spring purchases elsewhere.
Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

MEDICAL.
DRS. COPE & HOLE
Have associated for the practice of medi-
cine. Having practised the WATER-CURE,
until they are satisfied of its unequalled value,
in the treatment not only of chronic but acute
diseases, they are prepared to offer their pro-
fessional services on the following conditions.
In all acute diseases, when called early,
and when proper attention is given by the
nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will
ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem.
January 1, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED
Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply
of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown
Alpacas and Paramatta Cloths, cheap Casi-
meres and Cloths, black and white Wadding,
Plaid French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid
silk bonnet linings by
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th 1846.

Agents for the "Bugle."
—:—:
OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T.
E. Vickers.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marbleboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.